

THE
DOLEFUL SWAINS;

A
PASTORAL POEM.

Written Originally in the SCOTCH Dialect,
with an ENGLISH VERSION.

To which is Prefix'd,

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE to
Major *Richardson Pack*.

By Mr. MITCHELL.

— *minuentur atræ*
Carminè curæ.

Hor.



LONDON:

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Temple-Bar. 1720.

THE
Bookseller to the Readers.

AFTER the Author of the following *Pastoral Poem*, Originally compos'd in the Natural Simplicity of the *Scots* vulgar Dialect, was prevail'd on to allow me to Publish it; he was also perswaded to favour us with a Translation of it into proper *English*. His *South-British* Readers, for whose Sake the Version was made, may therefore be assured it is as just and literal as the Nature of the thing could allow, and Writ if possible with the same Spirit.



LOST GEER,
OR THE
DOLEFUL SWAINS:
A
Pastoral Poem, &c.



ELLAIR, *a Lad, wha spent a hantle
time,*

*In hunting Hares, and making gentle
Rhime ;*

*Three Shepherds fand fu waefu and forlorn,
Streek'd a' their length beneath a spreading Thorn.
He speir'd their ailment wi' a melting Heart,
And said he'd strive to cure their cutting smart ;
Their*



LOST GEER,
OR THE
DOLEFUL SWAINS:

A
Pastoral Poem, &c.



ELLAIR, a Youth of the Poetick
Train,

Was sporting on the *Caledonian* Plain;
Where, underneath a cooling Shade he found,
Three mournful Shepherds lying on the Ground.
Dispos'd t' afford 'em all some kind Relief,
He ask'd the Cause of their invet'rate Grief;

4 The doleful Swains,

*Their cutting smart wi' willing Minds they sung,
In nat'ral Numbers and their Mother Tongue.*

WILLIE.

*Alas ! quo Willie, gen ye kend my care,
Tour Heart wi' Grief I'm sure wead'e'en be Sair.
Bessie, my Lafs, God kens how wiel I loo'd,
How aft I kist her, and how lang I woo'd,
Has gi'en me o'er, and run awa' wi' Tam.*

DAVIE.

*What's that, quo Davie, to my dainty Lamb ?
'A Lamb, the best of a' my feckless Flock,
Was worried yonder on a waefu Rock.*

MUNGO.

*What silly stuff dings down the Hearts o' some ?
'A gritter matter gars me greet and gloom.
Our Laird, shame fa' his chafts ! wad no forbear,
'Till he had fleetch'd awa' my pickle geer.*

He

A Pastoral Poem, &c. 5

Who thus by turns, with emulation sing,
Their diff'rent ailments in their Native Tongue.

WILLIAM.

Alas! quoth *William*, if my Grief you knew,
With Sympathy you'd be defected too.

Betty, the Sweet, the Beautiful, the Young,
By me, alas! Lov'd, kiss'd and courted long,
Has play'd the Jilt, and join'd another Swain.

DAVID.

What's that, quoth *David*, to my mighty Pain?
A Lamb, the Pride of all my little Flock,
Was worried yonder on a rugged Rock.

MUNGO.

How little cause have some to be perplex'd?
My Mind hath greater Reason to be vex'd.
My Landlord, plague consume his fawning Tongue!
Pled, 'till I parted with my Money, long.

He

6 The doleful Swains,

*He gard me trow he'd put it in the Stocks,
And I thro means o' some sly brokeing Fox,
Wad soon grow rich and be a Laird my sell;
But a' is lost, and I hae ne'er a Doyt to tell,*

WILLIE.

*I wonder, Sirs, to see ye hae the Face,
To ev'n your Trifles to my bonny Lass!
Wha use wi' Lambs or Siller to compare,
A precious, Saul? —*

DAVID.

*Refer it to Bellair,
Gen ye for Bess, or Mungo for his Gowd,
Hae haff sae muckle reason to be dow'd.*

MUNGO.

*Sae be it — let Bellair the Case decide,
For he's a Scholard, yet withouten Pride.*

But

A Pastoral Poem, &c.

7

He Swore, if I wou'd put it in the Stocks,
That some kind broker, cunning as a Fox,
Wou'd soon improve it to a large Estate,
But all is lost, and I must curse my Fate.

WILLIAM.

I wonder, Sirs, to see you have a Face,
To equal Trifles to a lovely Lass!
None use with Lambs or Money to compare,
A precious Soul. —

DAVID.

Refer it to *Bellair*.
Whether his Mistress, or your Money lost,
Or I for my dead Lamb-kin suffer most.

MUNGO.

So be it, — let *Bellair* the Case decide,
For he's a Scholar, and yet has no Pride.

But

8 The doleful Swains,

*But furst let ilk some futhy Wager lay,
That he my get a Prize wha wins the Day.
I, for my part, will stake my branded Ox,
I suffer maist, wha lost my Gowd in Stocks.*

WILLIE.

*And I will pand this Ring down in his loof,
He will decide the Case in my behoof;
'Tis a' the Gift that e'er my Bessy gae,
I wad na los't for a' the Nowt ye hae.*

DAVIE.

*I hae nae Ox nor Ring indeed to stake,
But a' I hae ye sall hae leave to take;
Gen I the Wager losf--- sae sure I am,
My losf is maist, wha lost a dainty Lamb.*

BELLAIR.

*Your kindniess moves me, Shepherds, for your sake,
Gratefu, whate'er I can to undertake.*

But

A Pastoral Poem, &c. 9

But first, let each some worthy Wager lay,
That he who wins may bear a Prize away.
I for my Part will stake my ruddy Ox,
I suffer most by putting Gold in Stocks.

WILLIAM.

And I this Ring will pledge whene'er you please.
In my behalf, he will decide the Case.
'Tis all the Gift that e'er my *Betty* gave,
More priz'd by me than all the Herds you have.

DAVID.

I have nor Ox, nor Ring indeed to stake,
But all my Goods ye shall have leave to take,
If I the Dispute lose,—so sure I am,
My loss is greatest who have loos'd a Lamb.

BELLAIR.

Your kindness moves me, Shepherds, for your sake,
Grateful whate'er I can to undertake.

C

But

10 The doleful Swains,

*But first, as Judge, 'tis requisite I know,
The aggravations of your various woe;
Before I can impartial Sentence pass, —*

WILLIE.

*Let me speak first, wha lost a bonny Lass:
The grittest Cause shou'd first of a' be heard,
And the best Singer hae the best Reward.*

BELLAIR.

*Let Mungo first rehearse his mournful Tale,
(For Bubbles more than Lasses now prevail.)
You next, and David last of all reply,---
The Muses love alternate Melody;
And as a Premium for the Shepherd's Pains,
Who best resembles Ramsay's tuneful Strains;
In Burchett's Name, I here engage to give
Twice twenty Crowns, his Courage to revive.*

MUNGO.

A Pastoral Poem, &c. II

But first, as Judge, 'tis requisite I know,
The Aggravations of your various woe,
Before I can impartial Sentence pass---

WILLIAM.

Lest me begin, who lost a lovely Lass?
The greatest Cause should first of all be heard,
And he, that sweetest Sings, enjoy the best Reward.

BELLAIR.

Lest *Mungo* first rehearse his mournful Tale,
(For Bubbles more than Lasses now prevail;)
You next, and *David* last of all reply--
The Muses love alternate Melody.
And, as a *Premium* for the Shepherd's Pains,
Who best resembles *Ramsay's* tuneful Strains;
In *Burchett's* Name, I here engage to give
Twice Twenty Crowns, his Courage to revive.

C 2

MUNGO.

12 The doleful Swains,

MUNGO.

*What fall I say? I had a hunder Mark,
O' Yellow Gowd, that glitter'd in the Dark;
Lang had it lain in a close cosie hole,
Abint the Chimly, bigged in a Bole.
Fu safe it lay, 'till Bubbles gan to rise.
O gen I had it back! I wad be wise.*

WILLIE.

*I thought fase Bessy mine fu hard and fast,
And that we twae shou'd Married be at last.
But ah! how aft hae Shepherds soon believ'd,
And by the Queans they trusted, been deceiv'd.*

DAVIE.

*My Lamb was grown a strang and tyddy
Beast,
(The Laird himsell ne'er had a fatter Feast;)*

Aft

A Pastoral Poem, &c. 13

MUNGO.

What shall I say? Five Pounds I had and more,
All yellow Gold, laid up in secret Store;
Behind the Chimney, pent from Face of Day,
Long in the Wall it undiscover'd lay;
It lay well hid, 'till Stocks begun to rise,
O if I had it back! I would be Wife.

WILLIAM.

I thought false *Betty* was my own secure,
And, when we should be Married, in my Pow'r.
But ah! how oft have Shepherds soon believ'd,
And, by the Jilts they trusted, been deceiv'd.

DAVID.

My Lamb was grown a strong, a blooming
Beast,
(My Landlord ne'er enjoy'd a fatter Feast;)

Oft

14 The doleful Swains,

*Aft hae I said, whan ony chanc'd to speir,
"How dis your Lamb? Fugayly, bra won geer :
But rackless fate has met it on the Rock,
And I alas! am quite undone and broke.*

MUNGO.

*I took our Laird to be an honest Man,
(But they shou'd ne'er be trusted wha can bann.)
And mony a time the Brokers sent me Word,
My bunder Mark wad fetch me hame a Hoord.
Tet, 'mang 'em a', I poor unlucky Lad!
Instead o' gath'ring mair, lost a' I had.*

WILLIE.

*My Neighbour Tam pretended still to be,
A downright Man and faithfu Friend to me;
Tet he, fase Carl! has sae unjustly play'd,
And taen my proper Bessy o'er my Head.
This mixes Wormwood in my Dish, and makes
My very Heart to stand upo' the racks.*

DAVIE.

Of I have I answer'd to my neighb'ring Swains,
Who ask'd its growth, --- The best on all the Plains.
But Fate, relentless, met it on the Rock,
And I alas! am quite undone and broke.

MUNGO.

I took my Landlord for an honest Man,
(But there's no trusting those that use to bann.)
And oft the Brokers gave me ground to hope,
My Grains should Spring up to a plenteous Crop;
Yet, 'mongst 'em all, I poor unlucky Lad!
Instead of gathering more, have lost the Goods I had.

WILLIAM

My Neighbour *Tom* pretended still to be,
An upright Man and faithful Friend to me;
Yet he has play'd a base, a treach'rous part,
To steal away, so slyly, *Betty's* Heart.
This aggravates alas! my cutting Woe,
The thought that stabs, and keeps me tortur'd so.

DAVID,

16 The doleful Swains,

DAVIE.

*Gen ony Tyke, to wham I ne'er was kind,
Had kill'd my Lamb, it wad hae caum'd my Mind.
But Coly, wha I dawted maist was he,
That laid this Lade o' Poverty on me.
Aft hae I patted wi' my Hand his Head,
And frae my Pouch flung down grit dads o' Bread.
And he, fu' gratefu, us'd to wag his Tail,
Bark'd whan I bade, and did my Business hale.
But now, vile Cur ! he sair'd me sae at last,
For a' my Love and kindness to him past.
Let ne'er a Shepherd trust his Dog again. --*

MUNGO.

*It wad hae saft'ned a' my inward Pain,
And lang e'er now I'd gien my mourning o'er,
Gen they had said thy wad my Gowd restore.
But wha can bear wi' Patience to be robb'd?
Baith out o' Stock and Int'rest slyly jobb'd?*

As

A Pastoral Poem, &c. 17

DAVID.

If any Dog, to whom I ne'er was kind,
Had kill'd my Lamb, it would have eas'd my Mind.
But *Coly*, whom I most indulg'd, was he,
That hath reduc'd me to this Poverty.
Oft have I patted with my Hand his Head,
And from my Pockets thrown him lumps of Bread;
And he most kindly us'd to wag his Tail,
Nor baulk'd my Business on the Hill or Dale.
But now, vile Cur! for all my Favours past,
He playd the Rogue, and serv'd me so at last.
Let ne'er a Shepherd trust his Dog again, —

MUNGO.

It might have soften'd much my inward Pain,
And long e're now my Mourning had been o'er,
If they had said they would my Gold restore.
But who can bear with Patience to be robb'd?
Both out of Stock and Int'rest to be jobb'd?

D

As

18 The doleful Swains,

*As soon shall Frost congeal the rumbling Sea,
As I thae Rogues, that sham'd me sae, forgie.*

WILLIE.

*Gen Bessy had na Sworn and Sworn again,
That she ne'er loo'd sae wiel anither Swain;
And that the Sea shou'd sooner cease to roar,
Than she prove fase, and gie her Willie o'er;
I cou'd hae born wi' gritter ease my grief,
And drunk in ilka drap o' sweet relief.*

DAVIE.

*How foolish is it for an honest Clown,
To trust a Tyke, whan he's greay Bearded grown?
Coly, whan Young, unpractis'd in Deceit,
Was ay, good natur'd, and ne'er prov'd a Cheat.
Aft a' my Flocks I trusted to his Care,
And thought I mught do sae for evermair.
But, like a Court-Man, he betray'd his trust,
Afore I gae him Reason for disgust.*

MUNGO

A Pastoral Poem, &c. 19

As soon shall Frost congeal the Surging Sea,
As those Deceivers be forgiv'n by me.

WILLIAM.

If *Betty* had not sworn and sworn again,
That she ne'er lov'd so much another Swain;
And that the Sea should sooner cease to roar,
Than she prove false, and give her *William* o'er;
I could have born with greater Ease my Grief,
And catch'd the smallest Cordial for Relief.

DAVID.

How foolish is it for an honest Clown,
To trust a Dog when he's gray-bearded grown?
Coly, when Young, unpractis'd in Deceit,
Was still good natur'd, and ne'er prov'd a Cheat;
Oft all my Flocks I trusted to his Care,
And thought he ne'er would plunge me in despair.
But, like a Statesman, he betray'd his Trust,
Before I had provok'd him to disgust.

D 2

MON-

MUNGO.

*I thought e're now I shou'd hae had a Coach,
 A bonny Place, and Gowd in ilka pouch.
 Sae high the Laird my expectations rais'd?
 Sae muckle ware the waefu' Bubbles prais'd?
 And yet I'm forc'd wi' mighty Toil and Sweat,
 To win a Groat to get my Guts some Meat.
 Sae sad it is for sic a chiel as me,
 To rax for Riches — in a rough South-Sea.*

WILLIE.

*Bessy and I, gen she had faithfu prov'd,
 Mught lang e're now hae shaun how weil we lov'd
 Ae House and Bed mught sair'd us baith fu' weil,
 But Tam, curst Tam and her hae play'd the Deel.
 The Bairns I thought to gotten a' my sell,
 Maun e'en be his. The very thought is Hell.*

DAVIE

A Pastoral Poem, &c. 21

MUNGO.

Oft have I thought, before I knew their Tricks,
T' have had fine Lodgings, and a Coach with Six.
So high my hopes my crafty Landlord rais'd!
So much were these unlucky Bubbles prais'd!
And yet I'm doom'd with painful Toil and Sweat,
To earn a Groat to buy my Belly Meat.
So sad it is for such a simple Swain,
To launch into the deep, in quest of Gain.

WILLIAM.

Betty and I, if she had faithful prov'd,
Had long e're now discover'd how we lov'd.
We might have lodg'd in the same House and Bed,
But she with *Tom*, curst *Tom*! has play'd the Jade.
His all the Children, now alas! must be,
Tormenting Thought! that should belong to me.

DAVID.

22 The doleful Swains,

DAVIE.

*Had Coly spar'd my tyddy Lamb, I vow,
It wad hae been a stately Creature now:
I might hae sell'd it ——— for some futhy Men,
Wad ne'er hae stood to gi'en me three pund ten.
Or gen I pleas'd to keep it mang the rest,
It mught hae prov'd an unca' fruitfu Beast.
For twas a Ew, a Ew of a bra kind,
Her gutcher, if I right the Matter mind,
Was sent my Daddy in a Gift fu far,
Wi' as fine Ouz as e'er was straik'd wi' Tar.*

MUNGO.

*What is't but rob'ry, open and avow'd,
To cheat a Body out of a' his Gowd?
Tho' wi' fair Face and a fase fleetching Tongue,
They gard me trow I shou'd na want it lang.
I wonder fouk can glour us in the Face,
Whan they do wrang, and their ain sell disgrace.
Willie.*

DAVID.

Had *Coly* spar'd my blooming Lamb, I vow,
It would have prov'd a stately Creature now.
I might have sold it --- for some lib'ral Men,
Wou'd ne'er refuse the Price of five and ten:
Or if I chose to keep it with the rest,
It might in time have prov'd a teeming Beast.
For 'twas a Ewe, a Ewe of fruitful kind,
Her Grandfire, if I right the Story mind,
Was sent my Father in a Gift from far,
With as fine Wool as e'er was laid with Tar.

MUNGO.

What other Name than Robbers shall I give,
To those that take away my means to live ?
Tho' with a curteous Air and flatt'ring Tongue,
They made me trust I shoud not want them long.
I wonder those, that their own selves disgrace,
By doing Wrong, can look us in the Face.

WILL-

24 The doleful Swains,

WILLIE.

*It wad na vex'd my Spirit half sae fair,
 Gen they had only kist, and done nae mair :
 I cou'd forgie a stown dint in the Dark,—
 But openly they ran to the haf Mark.
 A while afore I fawnd them in a Grove,
 And heard them tell some unca tales o' Love.
 Tet a' the time the Glaeky gard me trow,
 She'd Marry me---I was a Fool I vow.*

DAVID.

*Coly, fase Tyke! without a' Conscience ran,
 (I wish I may no in my Anger bann!)
 In fair foor Day, and did the wicket deed,
 Then cock'd his Tail, and fast awa he fled.
 Whitefoot and Bawtie present ware I heard,
 And ill ye ken is easy to be leard;
 Gen, after his Example, they shou'd grow,
 Sheep-stealers too, what sall poor Davie do?*

MUN-

A Pastoral Poem, &c. 25

WILLIAM.

It should not half so much have vex'd my Mind,
If they had only kiss'd — Folk may be kind;
An unseen slip, through Love, allow I can —
But to the Curate openly they ran.
Sometime before I saw them in a Grove,
I heard them tell some wondrous Tales of Love;
Mean while, for all that past betwixt them there,
She said she'd Marry me, — I was a Fool, I swear.

DAVID.

Coly false Cur! like an establish'd Rake,
(I wish the Law my Choler may not break!)
In open Day, perform'd the wicked Deed,
Cock'd up his Tail, and fleet o'er Mountains fled.
Whitefoot and *Bawtie* both beholding stood,
And Ill, ye know, is easier learn'd than Good.
If, after his Example, they pursue,
And worry Sheep, what shall their Master do?

E

MUNGO.

MUNGO.

*How can I think upo my little Poze,
 'And my Heart no' fa' down into my Hose?
 'Twas blythsom anes to take the Yellow Hoord
 Out frae the Clout, and tell it on the Board.
 O! how the Pennies glister'd in my Een.
 That Laird! thae Brokers! wou'd I ne'er had seen.*

WILLIE.

*O! how I'm wounded to the very Heart,
 To think that ought shoud me frae Betty part.
 She was the gayest Lafs that e'er I sa',
 Ay unca Heartsom, clean redd up and bra.
 Fu fait and Jimp she was about the Waist,
 Had fine tight Legs, and wow a snawy Breast.
 But than her Cheeks, her Lips, her Eyes sae rare,—
 She might e'en wi' my Lady's sell compare.
 'O! wha' cou'd see her, (God forgie my Sin!
 'And no find a' his Heart Strings dirl within.*

Davie.

MUNGO.

How can I think upon my little Store,
And yet my Heart be not afflicted sore ?
'Twas pleasure once to take the Guineas out,
And on the Table hurl them round about.
O! how each Piece glanc'd sweetly in my Eyes,
I'll curse those Brokers ev'ry Day I rise.

WILLIAM.

O! how I'm tortur'd in my inmost Heart,
To think that ought shou'd me from *Betty* part;
For she was charming both in Mind and Face,
Without all Beauty and within all Grace.
Handsome and pretty was her stately Waist,
Her Legs genteel, and white as Snow her Breast;
But oh! her Cheeks, her Lips, her Eyes so rare,
She might e'en with my Lady's self compare.
None could behold her, (God forgive my Sin,)
And not find Love thrill through his Veins within.

DAVIE.

*O! 'twas a bonny Sight, amang the Coup,
 To see my Lambkin o'er the Bushes loup.
 Upo' the Staines it danc'd, and, whan I drave
 My Sheep to Fald, it ran afore the Leve.
 Ae Day I thought I shou'd hae pish'd my Breiks,
 To see it dounch my Bawties hawket Cheeks.
 The Cur was sleeping, whan the canty Beast
 Gard him get up and Towl--- a bonny Jest!
 But now my Sport is a' to greeting turn'd,
 What anes was a' my Comfort now is mourn'd.
 O gen my Hands cou'd grup the Tyke, I vow,
 I'd gar him girn to Death upon a Tow.*

BELLAIR.

Shepherds, give o'er, &c.

A Pastoral Poem, &c. 29

DAVID.

O! 'twas a Pleasure, on the bushy Rock,
To see my Lamb-kin skip amidst the Flock.
O'er Stones it danc'd, and us'd to run and leap
As I to Fold convey'd my Flock of Sheep.
With Laughing once I thought t' have been undone,
When with full Force upon my Dog it run.
A sleep he lay, when the facetious Beast
Rouz'd him in smart — it was a pleasant Jest!
But now my Sport is all to Sorrow turn'd,
What once delighted now alas! is mourn'd.
If e'er my Hands can catch the Cur, I hope,
To make him rue his Manners in a Rope.

BELLAIR.

Shepherds, give o'er you soft complaining Lays,
All sing with Ease and merit more than Bays.
So well your various suff'rings have been sung,
With Charms peculiar to your Native Tongue,
That,

30 The doleful Swains;

That, whilst I own that all of ye sing well,
'Tis hard to judge what Swain does most excell :
And did not Bus'ness make me bid adieu,
To these sweet Plains, to Pastimes, and to you,
I cou'd with Pleasure, 'till the Sun declin'd,
Attentive listen, and fresh Beauties find ;
Beauties, which tasty *Cunningham* might Love,
And e'en judicious *Hammond's* self approve.
Yet e'er I go, my best decision hear,
Nor think my Sentence partial or severe;
Since each of what he wager'd is possess,
And none allow'd to laugh at both the rest.
For Singing well, let Mungo keep his Ox,
Tho', as I think, he nothing los'd in Stocks;
A Sum of Gold, however great or small,
Is rather lost, when buried in a Wall,
Both Useless to the Owners, and to all :
But, put in Stocks, it falls into the Hand,
Of those that spend it for their native Land ;
And,

A Pastoral Poem, &c. 31

And, like the gen'rous *Campbell*, *Blount* and *Goode*,
Crown Merit well, where Merit is allow'd.

Nor have you, *William*, so much Cause to mourn,
Since *Betty* cou'd from you to *Thomas* turn.

The Swain's most happy, who has least to do

With Lasses, who can Jilt and break a Vow.

To other Strains adapt your tuneful Reed,

And joy that you from Misery are freed.

But *David* is a Sufferer, I own,

And hath most Ground of all the Three to moan

David is poor, his Lamb was all his Pride,

That Lamb can ne'er revive again ; beside,

He lost his Dog, and those that yet remain,

From his Example, may undo the Swain.

But let not *David* be oppress'd with Grief,

I'll go to Court, and thence procure relief.

Craggs is a wise, a gen'rous Soul, I'm sure,

No Swain can suffer much, whilst he is Cloath'd

with Pow'r.

F I N I S.

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A
FAMILIAR EPISTLE,
TO
Major *Richardson Pack*.

WHILE You, Dear *Pack*, for Court and
Camp prepar'd,
With equal Skill an Hero and a Bard;
Advent'rous thro' the crowded Alley press,
With Pains unwearied and deserv'd Success;
From the sweet Scene I live alas! afar,
At *Fauncy's Angel* without *Temple Bar*,
Destin'd to suffer Penance for my Crimes,
By Jobbing only thro' a maze of Rhimes:
A fruitless Game! A Game that none shou'd chuse,
Who wants a Coach, although he has a Muse.

Yet

33 *A Familiar Epistle, &c.*

Yet Pardon, Sir, the rudeness of a Friend,
 His Rural Lays at such a Time to send:
 A Time, when nought shou'd be receiv'd or sent,
 But Transferrs, Permits, Bills and Money lent:
 And, when from Alley-Avocations free,
 You leisure have to think of Verse and me,
 (At least when driving homewards *Debonair*,
 In *London* Chariot, or *Parisian* Chair.)
 Deign to peruse 'em with a gracious Eye——
 But hide, O hide the Blunders you descry:
 For as your Approbation is my Fame,
 The Town will damn my Labours if YOU blame.

August 2. 1720.

Jos. Mitchell